

THANK OFFERING NUMBER

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

*"Praise God, but not with empty song,
Nor organ peal, nor long-drawn prayer;
Go lead some soul from paths of wrong,
Lift from some heart its load of care;
Kiss off the tears from some sad eyes,
Seek out and comfort wan distress,
Help some poor fallen brother rise,
And thus proclaim thy thankfulness."*

Published by The
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
SACO, MAINE BOSTON, MASS.

Vol. XLI No. 4

April, 1918

The Missionary Helper

TERMS: Fifty Cents per year, IN ADVANCE Single Copies Five Cents

DISCONTINUANCES — We find that a large majority of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted and their files broken in case they fail to remit before expiration. It is therefore assumed, unless notification to discontinue is received, that the subscriber wishes no interruption in his series. Notification to discontinue at expiration can be sent in any time during the year.

PRESENTATION COPIES — Many persons subscribe for friends, intending that the paper shall stop at the end of the year. If instructions are given to discontinue they will receive attention at the proper time.

THE DATE ON WHICH YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES is printed on each issue opposite your name. Please remit for renewal two weeks before this date. Please give your *exact* address in every letter. When requesting a change, give both the *old* and *new* address. Do not omit the *Mrs.* or *Miss*.

OLD OR NEW — Kindly state when sending in subscriptions whether the name is *now* on our list, or whether it is a new name to be entered.

Editor, MRS. NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, Ocean Park, Maine.

Publication Office, 195 Main Street, Saco, Maine, W. L. STREETER, Agent.

Branch Office, 107 Howland St., Boston, Mass., MISS A. M. MOSHER, Agent.

To whom all matters relating to subscriptions should be sent

Entered as second-class matter February 5, 1906, at the post office at Saco, Maine, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

MISS L. C. COOMBS, India MRS. R. D. LORD MRS. EMELINE BURLINGAME CHENEY
MRS. LAURA E. HARTLEY MRS. M. A. W. BACHELDER IDA LORD REMICK
MRS. LOU M. P. DURGIN PROF. H. T. MACDONALD PROF. A. W. ANTHONY, D. D.

CONTENTS

Editor's Desk	-	-	-	-	-	98
Some Compensations of War— <i>A. W. Anthony</i>	-	-	-	-	-	100
Balasure Zenana Work— <i>Sadie B. Gowen</i>	-	-	-	-	-	102
The Bible Woman—Her Idol	-	-	-	-	-	105
Smugness in Thanksgiving	-	-	-	-	-	106
Quiz	-	-	-	-	-	110
Jubilee Watchwords	-	-	-	-	-	111
Message from Storer's President	-	-	-	-	-	112
Happy Work in Balasure— <i>Amy Porter</i>	-	-	-	-	-	113
Treasurer's Notes	-	-	-	-	-	116
General Subscription Agent's Notes	-	-	-	-	-	119
Helps for Monthly Meetings	-	-	-	-	-	120
Thank Offering Supplies	-	-	-	-	-	123
Thank Offering Suggestions	-	-	-	-	-	123
Our Quiet Hour	-	-	-	-	-	123
Our Folks	-	-	-	-	-	135
Juniors	-	-	-	-	-	126
Contributions	-	-	-	-	-	128

THE STREETER PRESS, SACO, MAINE

The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, EDITOR

VOL. XLI.

APRIL, 1918

No. 4



SENA, JHUMPI, RATNA, MINNELA
Sinclair Orphanage Girls

Motto: Faith and Works Win.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

There is a legend, which we imperfectly recall, that the angels of Petition and Thanksgiving were sent from Heaven with baskets to gather up the prayers of the people. The former returned, with overflowing basket, his shoulders bent beneath the weight of the additional pack he carried; but the angel of Thanksgiving came sadly back with his basket lightly filled with praises. The triumphal song of the Psalmist—"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits"—is too seldom the model for modern prayers. In the coming weeks, as we as individuals, auxiliaries and churches plan, pray for, and carry out our Thank Offering services, surely the pæans of praise will predominate, and the Thanksgiving angel will return rejoicing. Time was when "common mercies" were valued lightly because taken as a matter of course. That time, it now seems, is forever past. The gifts of food, shelter, protection, the beauty of nature about us, and family ties are held almost feverishly. Unless faith can reach beyond even the greatest of these and grasp the eternal truths of which they are symbols, we are most miserable. "I am the living bread," said Jesus; "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations"; "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress"; "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us"; and the matchless prayer of Jesus for the great family, "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us." But faith—which Dr. Fosdick defines as "Vision plus valor"—is leaping over and through the indescribable horrors, hardships and terrors of the time and grasping the meaning, as never before, of the life and death and resurrection of the Christ. Men and women are following him humbly, gloriously, gladly, every day: giving, giving, giving, self, love, life; sacrificial service of heart, hand, money, thrift—no less worthy if unseen and unsung. Not long ago a common (?) soldier Somewhere in France, wrote to his father and mother in America, "I expect to go 'over the top' tomorrow. If I never come back I want you to know that I thought it was *worth while*, and I want you to feel that way, too." He did not come back. He was fighting for an ideal, and did his duty without counting the cost. That is what Christian missionaries are doing and what we are upholding. The world is watching to see if, in the present crisis, the Church is standing the test. The call is to do not merely "our bit," but our best. Our Laymen are

replying, "Patriotism demands that we keep our home fires burning and all our missionary and educational enterprises at par," and are making a drive for "Millions of men for a million of money." The students are magnificently replying. At the convention of leaders at Northfield in January, with representatives from many foreign countries as well as from America, there was profound seriousness in the discussion and adoption of the program to enroll 200,000 students in weekly study of Christian principles of world democracy; a sacrificial gift of at least one-half million dollars within the year, from students, to promote the Christian principles of world democracy, and an adequate offering of life for the same purpose. An editorial in the *Woman's Missionary Friend* has a stirring appeal for all woman's societies. It calls attention to the talk of a tremendously potent force called man power and adds, What about woman power? "By the women of England, France and America the meaning of woman power is well understood. It is the thing that has made the Red Cross possible. It is the thing that is going to fill up the gaps left by our men who have gone to the trenches, so that the industrial world shall roll on for weal and not for woe during war times." It calls for a solid woman power of the denomination which it represents, and concludes: "The lack of one woman decreases our power by just the measure of her. Weakness is at once developed in what should be a continuous circuit of service or line of action.

Possibly the most thrilling utterance that has fallen from human lips in all the records of American history was that of General Pershing upon his arrival in France after our entrance into the war. Laying upon the tomb of Lafayette a wreath, in the name of the people of the United States, while a world listened for his words, General Pershing said simply, "Lafayette, we are here."

Above the clash of steel, the smoke of battle, the crash of the wreckage of earth's dearest things, to-day there sounds clear and strong the voice of the Master, summoning for his work the woman power of the world. Please God, each of us in her own place will answer unhesitatingly, even joyously,—'*Jesus Christ, I am here*'."

. . . Do you not find many causes for gratitude in this HELPER—in the pictures of our children and workers, and the thought of all that our dear relation to them means; in the articles, stories, letters, notes, suggestions and news of friends? Will you not gather the most significant reasons for thanksgiving from all the HELPERS of 1918 and have them presented at your Thank Offering service?

SOME COMPENSATIONS OF WAR

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR EVEN IN TIME OF SUFFERING.

By ALFRED WILLIAMS ANTHONY, D. D.

There is a ministry of evil for good. Horace Bushnell once wrote a book, "The Moral Uses of Dark Things," which recognizes this; and, in a similar vein, Ian Maclaren wrote, "The Potter's Wheel." This fearful war brings some good things.

In the first place it extends our knowledge. We know the physical geography of the earth better because of it. We have consulted maps and are familiar with names of places,—in England, France, Belgium, Serbia, Roumania, Russia, and indeed in all parts of the world. We have learned of the political forms of government in different countries,—Russia, Poland, Turkey, Armenia, and Greece. In many instances we have thought back into the history of some of these peoples, and we have seen modern history in the making, and must for all time be more intelligent observers of human affairs.

Inventive genius has been immensely stimulated by the war. Agencies of destruction have been perfected,—like the airplane, the submarines and the tank; and these will later be converted to peaceful uses of industry. The means of safety and of the conservation of human life have been multiplied almost beyond comprehension, in medical, surgical, sanitary and hygienic science.

Never has disease taken so small a toll from armies and navies as in this present war. The method for treating burns and promoting the growth of new flesh, devised by medical men since the war began, almost pays of itself for the great cost of the war.

Acquaintance one with another has been promoted. The nations of the world know each other as they did not before. It has been a time of great unveiling. Within a nation, and within a neighborhood even, conventionalities have broken down, and people have seen each other face to face.

Out of this acquaintance has grown sympathy. While some have hated and have sung hymns of hate, yet the world as a whole has been drawn closer together; there has been a great uprising tide of human sympathy and a feeling of brotherly accord. We have discovered the great cosmopolitan character of the world and of our own country; we have developed team work within the nations and between the nations; we have learned the practice of benevolence, through the Red Cross Cam-

paings, and in support of other agencies for the war and for war sufferers. More people have been knit together in a common cause than have ever joined for any single object during the world's history. It is a mistake to say that Christianity has failed; Christianity is but revealing itself in the brotherhood of nations, races and men. There has been a great glorification of practical idealism, manifest in the sacrificial service of millions of men who are living now, and dying now, for causes not their own. Heroism, widespread and almost gigantic, has come into the world supplanting no little portion of the old pettiness, selfishness, and commercialism of a few years ago.

Not all of the resources of the nations have yet been mobilized in altruistic service; but many of them have been enlisted. Temperance and prohibition in all lands have been marvelously set forward as a practical means of human welfare. The meaning of democracy has taken a new sweep and received almost a new definition. Woman is coming into her own in all lands; the cause of her enfranchisement and equitable treatment has taken leaps and bounds. Industry, the quiet, peaceful arts and trades, have been recognized as indispensable to national prosperity; and the productive worker has been exalted to the same grade of honor as the soldier and the fighter. Indeed they have been discovered to be the real "slackers" who fail to give honest equivalent for wages in daily toil and task. Some of us in the spirit of patriotism have cultivated small garden plots, and have given labor behind the plow, with the hoe, of as noble and lofty a kind as though we had shouldered the musket, or faced bullets. The proper estimation of work and industry is a blessing to the world.

We have come in part to the schoolhouse of thrift, and are being purified under her instruction. We are learning to use less, eliminating luxuries; we are trying to waste nothing, utilizing all that is of value; we are saving for the sake of others, our nation and our allies. Thrift is essentially altruistic; it means to deny self now for the sake of other days and other persons.

And there is going up from fireside altars all over the land, indeed all over the world, the sacrificial offering of young lives, enlisted for a larger service than the acquisition of land, or the securing of indemnities, or even for military glory; it is the sacrifice of self for the sake of others,—that the world may be free, that democracy may survive, that righteousness may reign. This war, as in few others, is a war of ideals. Men are reaching out for a spiritual life, and for a brotherhood of free spirits. A social reconstruction is taking place. There is a new attitude of mind, demanding reality; a new efficiency in public and private life is required, based on merit; a new economy has begun, demanding value. The world is weary of hypocrisy and pretense, of inherited powers and aristocratic prerogatives. The world is learning the meaning of brotherhood as never before. Despite the awful cost, there are reasons for profound gratitude, because good things are coming to pass.

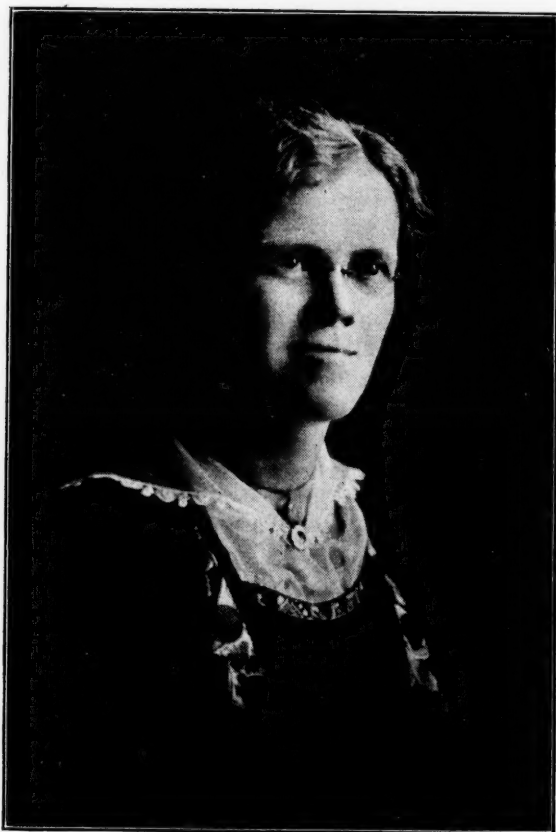
Lewiston, Maine.

BALASORE ZENANA WORK

By SADIE B. GOWEN.

Come with me, please, as some of the Judson party came a few years ago, to visit one of my Zenanas in Balasore, in our Bengal-Orissa Field.

Passing through the Bazaar, which seems a little hotter than any other place, and where in one part or another most of the smells of India



MISS GOWEN

exist, we come face to face with the police station, where, turning to the left, we pass down the road leading to the Government Hospital. On this road are some of Balasore's best Indian houses, and in many of these our Christian Zenana teachers daily impart the rudiments of mental and spiritual learning to their Hindu sisters.

Rosie Babu's house is one typical of the better class of homes which we visit. It is a large house, covering, perhaps, one-quarter of a block.

Eighty people live there, all related in some way to one another. They are well-to-do people. Rosie Babu is a land owner, renting his fields in small sections to poor cultivators. One member of the family is a teacher of Sanscrit in our Christian High School; another speaks good English and was formerly a Deputy Inspector of Schools in Balasore.

Among the many women of the household, ten are pupils of our Zenana school. One is a mother at thirteen years. Another, a widow, mourning bitterly, at times, for a husband whom she never saw because he died when she was about five years old. Another who was most interested in our teaching became a widow not long ago. It was easy to know it. All her gold chains and bracelets were gone, and only the plainest cloth to wear, and a sorrowful face. Such women as these sang for the Judson party a few Christian hymns, *without tunes*, and the men outside heard their voices in song, became angry because a crowd was listening, and for several months the house was closed to our teaching and visiting. After a time it was re-opened.

Among our Zenana pupils are those from the wealthiest Hindu and Mohammedan homes in Balasore, as well as many from the poorest. I never sought admission to any home where I was not cordially received and courteously treated.

The British Government gives us a generous grant-in-aid for this work, which is under their inspection, the same as all of our educational work.

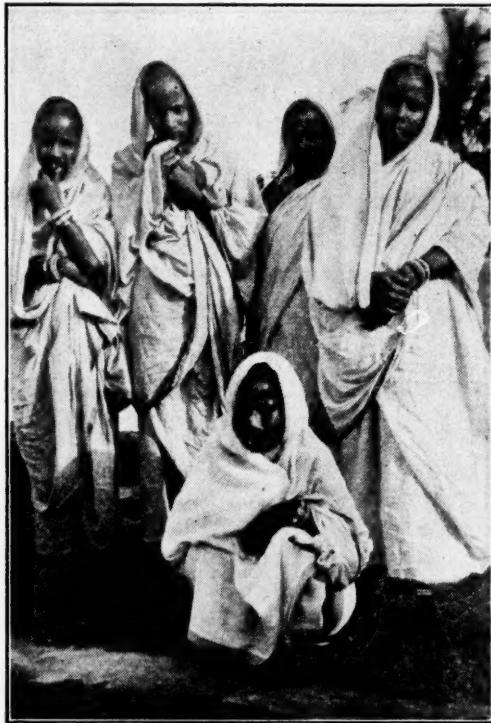
We teach reading, writing, number work, sewing and higher branches, if needed, in accordance with Government requirements, and doing this gives us the best opportunity we could possibly have to teach the Gospel message as well. The methods of Bible teaching which seemed most satisfactory were by picture and story. The Tissot pictures illustrating the Life of Christ furnished a basis for the stories, and could be understood and repeatedly bring their message before the pupil could read. I have a few times thrilled with joy, in passing some secluded garden in which I could see no person, to hear voices telling such stories as "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter" or "Feeding of the Five Thousand."

Frequently a dozen or more children sit about quietly on the floor while the lesson goes on, waiting expectantly until the close, that they may receive a picture from out the depths of the Missa Baba's bag. Sometimes a group of children will learn a hymn and go with me from house to house a whole afternoon, singing in every place. Mohammedans have no music and are especially pleased with singing.

When a pupil can tell six or more stories fairly well, she is given a New Testament for a prize. There must be Bibles or New Testaments in

about one hundred Hindu and Mohammedan houses in Balasore. Coming unexpectedly upon a Bible one day in a Hindu home, I inquired where it came from, but the owner would not tell me. However, she told me the portion her husband had read to her the evening before. After leaving, the teacher explained that the Bible had been stolen from the Industrial School for Boys at Balasore when the man employed there was going away. He had paid as much to have it rebound as a new one would have cost, but he was reading it every evening to his wife, having acquired a liking for it at the school.

Some days I have been asked to pray in every house I have entered. In India, as elsewhere, affliction brings people to a sense of their helplessness,



(The Christian teacher stands at the back and is the darkest one of the group. The widow who was weeping for the husband she never saw is the tallest figure, holding her *sari* under her chin with both hands.)

ness, and at such times many pupils have been brought very near to the true Source of help. There are secret believers not a few in the little mud-walled, thatched-roofed houses in and about Balasore. Fourteen Christian women go two or three times each week to about three hundred and thirty women who are Zenana pupils, to point out to them the way of Salvation and how to walk therein.

THE BIBLE-WOMAN—HER IDOL

Yes, her idol-god. For forty years she had worshipped him, and never had an answer. It is the women who keep their faith unimpaired in their idolatry; by nature religious, their idols are dear to them through inheritance and immemorial usage. The men, by contact with Western civilization through commerce, are sooner to break away from superstition.

She was a strong, impassioned woman. For forty years this god had been the one object of her supreme devotion. He was of bronze, not over six inches in height, representing a man in a sitting position, with the arms extended from the elbow, with the palms of the hand upward. She never came before him without an offering; sometimes a flower or a handful of rice. Forty years, and never heard! If very intent, she would beat her forehead on the hard-packed mud floor, and cutting little pieces of flesh from her arms or her side, and hanging them on the little points of steel that protruded all over his body, would cry, "Ram, O Ram, hear me!"

At last she heard of our Christ. Not little by little, as we receive it in childhood, but all at once—the divinely wonderful story of a God who so loved us that he gave his Son to die!

She was overwhelmed. With wondering awe she heard it; then as the great truth came to her, she threw herself prone upon her face upon the floor.

She gave herself with a great abandon unto God, and he drew near, and lifted her up.

"Prostrate with eyes of faith I see
My Savior nailed upon the tree,
For me a victim made."

Her joy was ecstatic—at last she had been heard.

Weeks passed. One day as she came before the Lord, she felt embarrassed. She had no offering. For forty years she had brought Ram an offering, and now she was empty-handed—no lily-of-the-valley, no rose of Sharon was sweet enough for him who died for her.

What should she do? O blessed Holy Ghost! Thou Teacher divine! Begotten of the Spirit came the thought, "Give Him thyself! Not now as a penitent sinner seeking pardon, but as a daughter of the Lord Almighty, with the purple robe and the ring of adoption upon your finger."

She sprang to her feet. Then she turned, and hurried to the mission house. "Through all the days, and through all the cool of the nights I'll

serve my Lord," she said, and on her brow glowed the divine anointing.

So she was sent as a Bible woman up and down the plains of India, through the mountain gorges, by the mighty rivers in city and in hamlet, she passes, ever telling of One who died for her.

And we who have heard the sweet old story ever since we came into the world, shall not we, through all the days and all the nights, serve our Lord, and give to him now a special Thank-Offering for the love where-with he hath loved us?

Shall it not be our priceless privilege to send one like her to speak, in our stead, of Jesus, to the perishing millions?—*Northern Christian Advocate*.

SMUGNESS IN THANKSGIVING

EMMA F. BYERS

One day not so many weeks ago I started on a new adventure. I set out to find romance in everyday work and play.

But romance was not so easy to find. It seemed to me at first that my quest was simple enough. I just wanted to find the secret of being happy as you went along. To me it meant nothing more unusual than the old, old quest for the true spirit of thanksgiving.

How strange it is in these hurried days, that people forget what real contentment means. Every tired soul of us dreams about the El Dorado of contentment—but in an ambition-ridden world it seems impossible of attainment. Curiously enough, my adventure taught me first of all, that contentment is our great desire—only so pitifully few of us really know how to find it.

First of all I went to some of the girls I know, most of them students. I wondered if they had found the secret of the Thanksgiving spirit, which, being translated, means true contentment.

It had been a long time, I remembered, since I had heard of the sweet girl graduate. In the midst of increasing opportunities for girls, and changed conditions of women's life and world, the old-fashioned girl has slipped out of sight. The American girl, especially the student, has so much in her life. Nowadays she realizes that she is a member of the community as well as an important factor in her father's house; that every minute must be spent in conscious self-preparation. Small wonder that she seems self-centred. Her inner world of thought is easily discovered.

Its biggest signposts are deciphered at no great distance. They are Ambition and the dawn of the Consciousness of Power.

A scrap of conversation I had heard only a short time ago came back to me.

"You know, Peggy," one college Senior said to another, "I feel so thankful that I have succeeded so well. Mother said that she knew that I had ability and courage. But the remarkable thing is that I made the attempt with my delicate constitution."

"I am thankful for my job." This time it was a young professional woman speaking. "Maybe I am a bit selfish about it, but it means everything in the world to me. It means my place in the community and perhaps later on it will mean my chance to work out something that may, in the end, help someone else a little."

My adventure was only started. I wanted to know more about this spirit of Thanksgiving. All around me I saw lives filled to overflowing with work and blessings of all kinds. What sort of thankfulness was in the hearts of the busy folks I met everywhere?

"What are you most thankful for?" I asked another college student.

"Two professors within three days have told me that if I study faithfully I have possibilities of a great future. I am thankful for my particular gift. Not that I take any credit for it—I just have it, you know."

Another girl was thankful "for a place to live in a nice family instead of a boarding house." One girl was thankful because the summer had brought her a long dreamed of trip on a western range. Some one else said, "My chance to work," and still another girl gave this hasty glimpse of the myriad sides of the modern girl's character by telling me that she was thankful that she had been able to conquer her bad temper.

"Mother says it is really a good thing to have a bad temper if you can conquer it. Now I feel more justified in having a temper at all," she explained.

But everyone seems so smugly thankful. Somehow I could not help thinking of a prayer of thanksgiving, mentioned in the Bible: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men."

Life must mean more than that. Of course, its true expression must be in the individual, responsible for her own development. And yet, how many of us fetter our own spirit by following our dreams to their goals and just giving thanks, when we happen to think of it, for the chance of self-fulfillment.

So my adventure went on. How varied were my discoveries! "For all the wonderful things of the year"; "for a chance to study"; "for my place to work out my great scheme of existence"; "for mother's good health"; "for friends, for money, position, books"—the list was endless. There seemed to be plenty of thanksgiving in the world when you came right down to it—Thanksgiving of a certain kind. Of course we are all thankful for friends and home and mother and America. These things are part of ourselves.

Then I began to wonder. Perhaps Thanksgiving time was, after all, only another opportunity to inquire honestly if our gratitude was something like that of the Pharisee. Was it just our country, our prosperity, our friends and our own good Thanksgiving dinner that filled our hearts with thanksgiving?

Just here I seemed far from my goal. The romance had gone out of my quest. Something was the matter with my adventure!

It's always easy to forget the folks around the corner. It matters little to us, in the final analysis, how desperate their struggle for respectability may be. Our thanksgiving spirit is so complacent. It fails to remember, over a steaming turkey, edged with rich dressing and accompanied by sufficient cranberry sauce, those other dinners of stale bread and tea. We are grateful for our friends. But how much thought do we give to the girl who is friendless simply because she has no opportunities to know what friendliness means?

There are thousands of girls working hard to be respectable who haven't enough to eat, and thousands of others who want something more in their lives than enough to eat and a place to sleep. But we have heard this statement so often it hardly registers anywhere on our preoccupied brains.

"Oh, but," we answer easily enough. "We *have* thought about these girls sometimes. We *have* 'gone slumming.' We *have* visited hospitals and read to the old ladies at the Old People's Home." Yes! But have we ever done anything really vital to change the conditions of their lives, that they may be thankful, too? Or have we only tossed them a bunch of pretty flowers that cost us nothing in time or strength or life to give and expected them to forget their hunger and pain and loneliness? Have we put more than a friendly finger under the burdens of our sisters who climb the weary way beside us? I wondered how we dared be thankful without that.

Still I was not at the end of my adventure. There must be something more. I pushed relentlessly on.

One day an interesting man came into my office. People loved him as a great leader.

"What are you most thankful for?" I asked him.

"For the spirit of giving in folks."

I remember he smiled his answer back at me, and that smile suddenly brought me in sight of my adventure's end.

A little boy who picks up the waste paper in my office; who peeps in at my door at five o'clock in the afternoons with an inquiring look as if to ask how soon I expect to go home, timidly opened my office door one evening.

"Come in," I said. "You may have the paper now. What are you most thankful for, my boy?"

"For Barby," he answered, without a moment's hesitation.

"Why are you thankful for Barby? Is she your sister?"

"Yes, she's my sister, and I am thankful because she's so big-like."

"And do you expect to be big-like some day?" I ventured.

"Not the way Barby is," the lad answered. "When grandmother died Barby gave all of her money that she'd saved up, and she always does things for people, and always smiles," he added.

That night I went home with a vision of a little lad with shining eyes before me. He was so radiantly thankful for Barby.

Here in my own office, where I least expected to find it, I ended my adventure in the quest for contentment. I found my true spirit of thanksgiving not in Barby, who was so "big-like," but in the little boy, who was not thankful for anything he had ever done or ever hoped to be, but for certain qualities of greatness in another.

In quietness and in confidence I thought of the quest of Sir Launfal and the cup changed into the grail in my hands. — *The Association Monthly*.

RECEIVED.—"New Ventures of Faith." Suggestions for Greater Achievements Through Prayer. A Monthly Cycle for General Use. Pamphlet of 71 pages with a Meditation and world-wide topics for prayer for each day in the month—and special prayers for every day. The compiler hopes that ministers, Association leaders, teachers of Bible Classes, and all Christian workers who have the privilege of enlisting the prayers of others, will use this booklet to help carry out a positive program of

prayer. "Pre-eminently now the Church is called in her corporate life to prayer." Price: 20 cents each; twelve for \$2.00; fifty for \$6.00. Order of General War-Time Commission of the Churches, 105 East 22d St., New York, N. Y....."A War-Time Program for Local Churches." With emphasis upon Churches Distant from Training Camps. Booklet of instructions. Fifteen pages. \$1.50 per hundred. Send 2-cent stamp for sample copy to Federal Council of Churches, 105 East 22nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please mention THE MISSIONARY HELPER.

QUIZ

(Answers to the following questions reveal causes for thanksgiving.)

- With whom rests a magnificent opportunity?
- Who are doing "beautiful neighboring"?
- What is their motto and membership?
- How many nationalities do they reach?
- What does the visitor bring to the homes?
- What are big bequests?
- Why did Dr. Mary feel like "a real medical missionary"?
- In what does our interest center at Storer?
- For what reason was it so named?
- After 50 years of successful labors what results?
- To whom are we indebted for the main and industrial buildings?
- When did the F. B. W. M. S. begin its beneficent work for Storer College?
- What large bequest was made? By whom?
- How can we judge of the work?
- Why is America the land of promise?
- What may we give to the stranger within our gates?
- Of what interesting people and events does Prof. Margano write?
- What seems to you the greatest cause for gratitude in the story of the "Sons of Italy"?
- What should history teach us?
- What definite causes for thanksgiving are mentioned in our Thank Offering Call?
- What has been growing flowers of friendship? With what results?
- When do we more completely enter into work in our union garden?
- What does our Treasurer ask of us "together"?
- With a well equipped Home Base what follows?

Who have covered themselves with glory?
 What happened when a senior boy went forth to fight a good fight?
 Who were proud to be enrolled on the side of Christ?
 Of whose lofty enthusiasm and noble consecration does Miss Fenner write?
 Where, when, and under what circumstances did "wedding bells" ring?
 What happened in a Red Cross hospital at Christmas time?
 What "legacy" was reported last month?
 What generous gift came from an honored family?
 What deserves a bigger chance to herald our convictions?
 In what ways must we conquer for Christ?
 What is an ever open door?
 What is the "best little book" of instruction for war service?
 Who must be mobilized and how?
 "Seeing the invisible," how may we live?

(Answers may be found in the March HELPER.)

IN MEMORIAM

"Not far from love and prayer,
 But into higher care;
 Far from earth's pain and strife
 Into abundant life;
 Far from the land of tears,
 To where their Lord appears,
 Our dead—they travel fast,
 And rest with God at last."

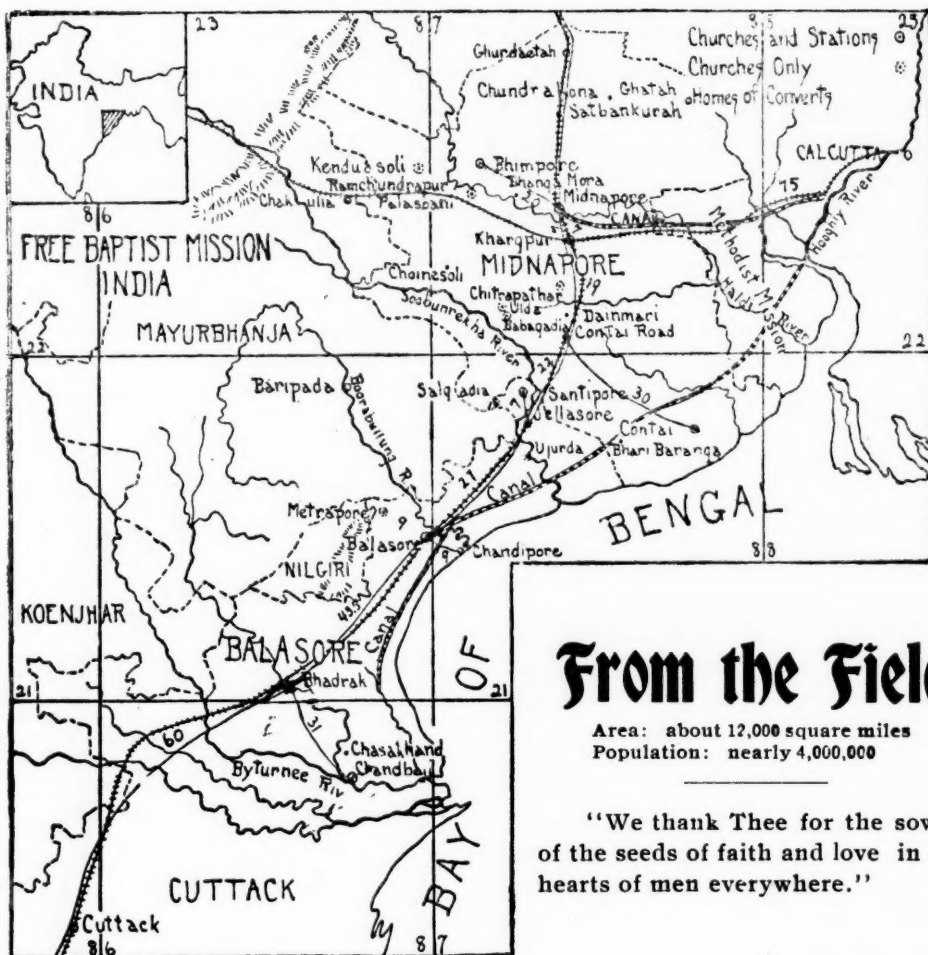
Mrs. Eliza J. Butterfield, Biddeford, Maine, December 30, 1917

Mrs. M. S. Waterman, Laconia, New Hampshire, February 20, 1918

JUBILEE WATCHWORDS

Pray: For without Christ we can do nothing.
Study: Interest awaits upon knowledge.
Work: Where the hand gives service the heart gives love.
Give: For the sake of Him who gave even His life for us.
Send: God's gifts to us demand our dearest and best.
Go: The opportunities are vast and YOU are needed.

—*Life and Light.*



MESSAGE FROM STORER'S PRESIDENT

Dear Mrs. Whitcomb:—

Replying to your request, I should say that we should be thankful at Storer

Because

During these days of stress we have had enough to eat and burn, and school has kept along the even measure of its course. We have had no member of our school family to fall, as yet, in promoting the cause of larger freedom among men, although we have twenty stars on our service

flag, and three sons and one daughter of Storer are in France.

Above all things, are we thankful for friends. Were they to lessen in number or fail in devotion to the mission being performed by this school, our fate would be doubtful. How thankful we would be, if we could begin work on the long desired Domestic Science Hall with the assurance that we could go forward to its completion without a debt!

Yours truly,

HENRY T. McDONALD,

Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, March 6, 1918.

HAPPY WORK IN BALASORE

(Extracts from personal letters from Miss Amy Porter, Balasore, India.)

November 6, 1917.—The cold season is already here and it is delightful. The sky is clear and all the world is fresh and beautiful. Men are cutting the rice in some fields already. The little children have put on shirts under their frocks and the men go about the streets wrapped in woolen shawls and knitted mufflers.

. . . Yesterday I called my zenana teachers together for a talk and prayer before they began the week's work. It has long been the custom to meet them every Monday morning from eleven to twelve at the church, except when their Bible class has been in session. So this is my beginning. I hope to have them every Monday. Oh, my hopes and desires are big for this cold season. I am so happy and well this year. How thankful I am for it! . . .

My errand to the early morning train was to start two girls toward Calcutta, one going to Jaipur for nurse's training, the other to Berhampore to learn to teach lace and hand work. And so the days fill up with work, not so much of it definitely religious, but all of it, I think, helping folks to be better. Since I came from vacation the spiritual side of things is stronger in my mind than before. That vacation and that yearly meeting were surely worth while.

. . . Mama wrote of the cost of eggs and milk. We, too, find prices soaring. Why, we can't buy a chicken now for less than eight or ten cents. Milk keeps steady at four cents a quart. Eggs remain at eight cents a dozen. Isn't that awful! Cloth, though, is really expensive. The children's sardis, which formerly cost forty cents (five yards), now are sixty and more. That comes hard on people who get only two or three

dollars a month, and have several to clothe. Blankets are so costly I fear many folks will suffer during these next three months.

. . . We don't hear much about conservation of food out here. India doesn't need that teaching. There are too many people to be supported off from this land for anything to be wasted. Every blade of grass, every mushroom, every bit of wood, leaves, manure, coal, every particle of fruit has its use. Nothing eatable or burnable is wasted, and people die every year because there wasn't enough to keep them alive.

As for knitting, I was so infatuated over it that when Mrs. Willard (from Portland, Me.) was here she advised me to learn to balance myself on my bicycle without touching the handle bars so that my hands would be free for knitting!

November 14.—My schools opened Monday after three weeks' vacation. Examinations and promotions are fast approaching. Next week two girls go up for government scholarship examinations, and Dec. 15 all who are to take Normal training next year are to take an exam., and the best ones may get scholarships. We have eight girls in sixth standard this year, the largest class I have ever known about here. Not all will pass, but it looks now as though four or five would be going on to Normal training in January.

November 18.—Three years yesterday since I reached India, and happy years they have been, too. I've not a doubt but I'll be glad to start for home when the time comes. And yet after this last week I am glad there are to be two more years of weeks for me. I have had the best time. It has come more nearly to my idea of missionary life than any I have seen before. Monday, the prayer meeting with my zenana teachers; Tuesday, zenana visiting; Wednesday, letter writing; Thursday, visiting in Hindu homes and calling on the sick among our Christians; Friday zenana work again and Saturday the women's prayer meeting. I have been so happy doing them. I feel as if I had settled into place at last. People understand most that I say and I can understand most of their conversation. Before, I seemed to have nothing to say to help people and I didn't dare get near to them, but since I came back from the hills and Yearly Meeting everybody is a part of my world and I love them.

Thursday afternoon I went to visit Motsi school, but found it closed for a Hindu festival. The Hindu teacher saw me come and invited me into her house. A few of the children were there and one said her mother had long wanted to see me, so after I had visited in the teacher's house

and she had shown me about her house and garden I went to the little girl's home. There I was shown about the house, was called to meet the young married women of the home, and friends and neighbors gathered as we sat talking. Then as I went back I was called into two or three homes to meet the women and children. Later I went to our Christian villages and made chatty calls at four homes. In one I found the grandmother and five children in bed with fever and the mother, just up from fever, waiting on them. The grandmother, mother and oldest daughter are among my teachers; the second daughter is due to go four days this week for government examination and three of the little children are in my school,—so I was concerned by their illness.

Friday I had such a good day at zenanas. In one home the woman asked us to pray before we left and in another the woman was disappointed because some people coming in from neighboring houses and the gay conversation which followed hindered her from asking for prayer. I didn't know about it until after we had gone. I hope to run in to see her some day. I wish there were several of me, so I could at one moment go in many directions. Why don't they send us more missionaries!!!

Such a lot of things have happened. Monday afternoon a telegram came inviting us to go to Calcutta for the wedding. Tuesday morning at five Dr. Mary and I took the train for the city. When the train pulled in we found Mrs. Holder, Miss Thacker and Mr. Krause. She seems to have come with a heart full of love for us all. As an Indian would say, "She likes us very much," and as an Englishman would say, "We certainly do like her." The wedding was in the Carey Baptist Chapel. It was the prettiest wedding I have ever seen. Mr. Brown made it very serious and beautiful.

November 26.—Today I have attended two meetings at the church where Mr. Burgess, the All India S. S. Union Secretary, spoke. After that I went to Middle Vernacular school and kindergarten and then went to Remnah and had a good visit, even though there were but few in attendance. Schools are much broken up now by fever. My little Hindu girls at Remnah told the story of the baby Moses, and his life up to the Crossing of the Red Sea, repeated the Ten Commandments, John 3:16, and the Lord's Prayer.

Friday night we had English prayer meeting and dinner up here, a sort of Thanksgiving one. Friday was Miss Coomb's birthday and Saturday was Amy Coe's birthday. That night we had a native dinner for

eighty people. I had such a good time making visits, one day, with the teacher Rudine. In the first house two young women read (English people always read instead of studying or reciting, and I use that word naturally now). They were wealthy people living in a pucca (cement) house, and they themselves were decked with gold ornaments about their arms and necks. That was all an every day thing with them. They read and told Bible stories, talked and scolded the babies all very freely. It was a pleasant home. The next home was one Sadie often visited. The woman who read was mother of four sons reading in school, and one daughter who read in the home until her death. The mother cared only to know about our religion. She was not eager to learn arithmetic or sewing. Her reading book was the Gospel of Matthew. Before we left there we repeated the Lord's Prayer together. Then there was a home where a young woman read. Two older women were sitting near. One hearing of Jesus said, "He might have brought to life the little child who drowned in our tank." As she mentioned his death the other woman began saying, "Ram, Ram, Ram, Ram, Ram," etc., which to a Hindu is prayer. We told them more about Christ and gave them a card with Matt. 11:28 written on it in Oriya. In other homes mothers playfully offered me their babies. Little children gathered around. It was all good.

TREASURER'S NOTES

The National Treasurer of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society is Mrs. John Nuveen, 2969 Vernon Avenue, Chicago, Ill. To her all but our New England auxiliaries will send their Home Mission monies, from now on. Here in New England we shall send to Miss Gertrude L. Davis, 615 Ford Building, Boston, Mass.

April 1, 1918—March 31, 1919! How may a good beginning be assured our new financial year?

Our *Thank Offering* observance, coming as it does in May, the second month of this new year, should give to it the desired good beginning. The first two months are so apt to be the leanest of the lean, financially,—due, doubtless, to the reaction which comes from straining every nerve to bring our gifts up to the apportionment point—it is fortunate one T. O. comes just at this time. So, then, let it be an *all together* pull for one which shall be an exemplar worthy of being measured up to, during the other months of the year, or in other words,—a standard of the year's gift making.

It seems fortunate, too, that our well established and habit-formed

Thank Offering should not only come in just the nick of time to convert this usual financial desert period into an oasis, but by so doing should also permit the sending of our first quarter's apportionment *on time*,—the last of June, then the following remittances will naturally fall into line, and we shall be able to go through the year in like manner.

Let us in this new year of work, in gifts and in service rendered, give good measure, "pressed down, shaken together and running over," and let us be prompt in the giving.

A letter from Dr. Mary, with corrected Sinclair Boarding list, is just received. It was written December 9th, and acknowledged a letter of ours dated August 21st, having reached her, as she says, "after a somewhat long voyage." These dates indicate the delays to which war time transit is subject; as does also the following word: "We have had no mail for a month or more, and we do not know how many of our home letters (the ones we have written) have failed to reach you people on the other side." And again—"Am so sorry about the book of photos Mr. Krause sent Miss Coe. It had a new picture of Sinclair Boarding, its dormitories, the tank with children washing and bathing at the new steps, the new wall, besides pictures of the girls, with the name of each girl under her picture. It was attractively bound, and was a pretty collection." Referring to gift forwarded for special feeding of the more delicate children of S. O., Dr. Mary says, "Please thank * * * * for her timely gift. I am glad to have it just now. It is fever season, and in Balasore, for I believe the first time, malaria is very prevalent and many are dying of it. There were 14 girls one day who had gruel, 11 another day, 2 this morning. It is examination week, and I am especially anxious to have everybody well and bright, that they may get class promotion."

Speaking of S. O. changes, she says: "*Hemlota Bagh* (who was for a time supported by Miss L. Barker, and Mrs. E. B. Peters of Lowell, Paige Street Church), probably passes her 6th Standard Examination this month and leaves school. Whether she will go to Teacher Training or not, depends upon her parents. *Monorama* (whose support has been assumed by Mrs. Ostrom and mother, of Michigan, as a yearly gift memorial to their mother), has decided to leave school and teach in Ujurda, as they are needing a teacher for the lower grade there just now. *Promodini* (who is a protégé of the S. S. class of Miss E. A. Potter of Providence) probably passes her 6th Standard Examination this month and will go to Teacher Training. It is anticipated, also, that *Josimoni* (who has been

in like manner provided for by the class of Mrs. Ewer of Bangor), will pass her 4th Standard Examinations. She was given her choice between going on, and going now to take Junior Teacher Training, and seemingly wisely, she chose the latter. She and *Promodini* will consider themselves members of the S. O. family still, will come back for holidays, and expect their clothes, etc., from there until they begin caring for themselves," therefore gifts for support of these girls will be received and forwarded as heretofore.

How many of you have, or remember, the S. O. picture postcard group,—seven girls with native helper? Think of *Jamini*, standing at the teacher's right, as "caring for the 20 little ones of the Orphanage. She is identified with her companions still, and does not ask any favors or make any difference in her attitude toward Dr. Mary or toward the children on account of being self supporting. I do not want *Jamini's* supporters (Biddeford Aux.) to forget her. The work has developed her best side." And of *Nirpati*, the center one of the group, whom we know as a splendid *dede*, and one showing Christian fortitude in meeting her leper illness, Dr. Mary says: "We hear occasionally from *Nirpati*, from the Leper Asylum, Purulia. I believe she is doing good work there. Her last was a request for soap, etc., which she cannot get there, so I am going to send her a Christmas package—also to *Sakhi*, who is temporarily working in Asanol, but is still counted among our girls."

"*Echha* is greatly delighted with the idea of having a 'Belati Mama', and will write. I was in Calcutta recently and got some picture postals—as soon as I get this list back, I will have the girls write their supporters.

"The Frosts are getting ready to go home. It is delightful to have the Krauses for quite near neighbors, just till the Frosts leave, then they will occupy their house."

Later: "Home mail has come and brought in the accumulation of a month—a most welcome bunch of letters!"

We shall be ready to fill your *Thank Offering* orders by the time they are received.

Cordially,

EDYTH R. PORTER.

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

"We thank Thee, O Father of all, for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul help that sad souls understand."

GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

This is our Thank Offering number. It is true that some of us will have difficulty in finding great reason for thankfulness, with the frightful carnage that is going on over there. More of us will have difficulty in finding the wherewithal to express our thankfulness for the blessings that have come to us, with all the necessities of life so high, and taxes all the time on the increase.

But we all have a great deal to be thankful for. Mrs. Newcomer, daughter of the late loved N. C. Brackett, whose name must always be linked with the work of Storer College, writes of her eldest son, who died in the service of his country at a southern camp, that she is thankful for what his life and manner of death mean to his country and to other young men.

It is one thing to be thankful for what we have. It is another and a greater thing to be thankful for what we can give, and in these days there is much that is asked of all of us. In this way we can all find abundant occasion for thankfulness.

As to the wherewithal to express it. Well, it isn't money alone. We must have money, but if we give our interest, our loyalty, our allegiance, money out of our own pockets or the pockets of others, is bound to follow. So let us prepare for our Thank Offering meeting in May with energy and assurance as never before. Let us get every one so awake to our interests they will be eager to find out all they can about them and do all they can for them. Then let us present our cause at the meeting with such force and such confidence that the message *must* carry, and with such enthusiasm that it must be contagious.

Yours cordially,

A. M. MOSHER.

107 Howland St., Boston, Mass.

"All the worth of living
Is loving, hoping, giving,
Love survives the breath;
Hope grows strong in death;
Gifts thy God returns to thee
With increase—through eternity."

Helps for Monthly Meetings

Through our reading, study and social life as a missionary society, "May we become true witnesses of Thy will toward men, of the pure life of Thy Kingdom and the glad assurance of Thy presence. Build up our faith, increase our joy and multiply our service; that Thy life may shine through our lives for the help of others."

TOPICS FOR 1917-1918

September—	Welcome Day.
October—	Our Work in the Orient.
November—	Home Missions
December—	"The White Man in Africa."
January—	"The Bulu"
February—	I. Prayer and Praise. II. "The Bulu and God."
March—	"The Ten Tyings."
April—	"The New Tribe."
May—	Thank Offering.
June—	"The New Custom."
July—	Field Day.

MAY.—TWENTY-EIGHTH THANK OFFERING SERVICE

O sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord, all the earth.
Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name; bring an offering and come into His courts.
Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.

Suggestive Program

HYMN.—"Holy Is the Lord."

INVOCATION.

OUR AIM—By Leader: The chief aim of our Thank Offering service is to stir up our hearts to speak the praises of God, and to proclaim to the world His loving kindness through our gifts. Every truly grateful heart finds delight in joining with the Psalmist in singing:

"O my soul, bless thou Jehovah,
All within me, bless His name;
Bless Jehovah and forget not
All His mercies to proclaim."

ORATORIO FROM REVELATION.

(The following introduction should be given by Leader, who will also call for each Bible reading. These verses should be given by eight persons. The congregation will join in singing the stanzas of "Coronation" as indicated.)

Leader—The sublime songs of adoration and praise in Revela-

tion are beautifully described by S. D. Gordon as an oratorio. We are to listen to the reading of the different parts, and we ask you all to join with the choir in singing several stanzas of "Coronation." This oratorio opens with a solo.

First Speaker—Rev. 1: 5, 6, beginning with "Unto him that loved us."

Leader—Next is a quartet whose song is caught up by a sextuple quartet, twenty-four white-robed crowned men before the throne.

Second Speaker—Rev. 4: 8, 10, 11; 5: 9, 10.

Leader—Now the Angel Chorus swings in. John tries to count them, but it is impossible.

Third Speaker—Rev. 5: 11, 12.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let Angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all!"

Leader—The refrain of the Angel Chorus is caught up by the Creation Chorus.

Fourth Speaker—Rev. 5: 13.

Leader—Now listen to the Martyr Chorus, those who have come up out of great tribulation. John says that no man could count them; they sing in many different languages; and as they sing, the Quartet and Angel Chorus fall on their knees and swell the refrain.

Fifth Speaker—Rev. 7: 9-12.

"Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!"

Leader—The pure ones are gathered close about Jesus as they sing a new song.

Sixth Speaker—Rev. 14: 1-3.

Leader—The Victors' Chorus now rings out. They have been in the thick of the fight and have come off victorious.

Seventh Speaker—Rev. 15: 2-4.

"Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!"

Leader—At last comes the great Hallelujah Chorus. John tries to tell what it is like: he says it is like a great multitude's voice, but it is more; it is like the sound of the ocean pounding the rocky beach.

of his island home, but it is more; it is like mighty thunders:—it is like all of these, and the matchless refrain that runs through it all is “Crown Him, Crown Him Lord of All.”

Eighth Speaker—Rev. 19: 1, 2, 6, 7.

—*The Christian Missionary.*

READING.—THANK OFFERING CALL. (See March HELPER.)

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING.

LEADER.—It is natural that our Thank Offering Call should sound a martial note, this year. As every man, woman and child must be mobilized for the war, so we must be mobilized for the Christian conquest of the world. Let us not wait to be drafted. Let us volunteer—freely giving our money; gladly giving our help, prayers, cheer, to the brave missionaries on the firing line in our sector of India, and the soldiers in our Southern camp—Storer; thankful that we can have a part in such splendid service.

PROCESSIONAL.—Young people enter from the vestibule singing, with spirit, “The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing” (Songs of Service, page 130) as they march up the right aisle to platform. They march down the left aisle as they sing the closing chorus.

SYMPOSIUM.—For what Can I be Thankful even in War Time? (Previously ask three or four representative people—including a missionary worker, a business man, a mother, a young man or woman and a teacher, to answer, *very briefly*, from the audience.)

THANK OFFERING EXERCISE.—(See Mrs. Chapman’s announcement.)

SINGING.—“Count Your Blessings.”

READING.—“The Bible Woman—Her Idol.”

OFFERING AND CONSECRATION OF OFFERING.

READING.—“The Willing Hearted”—a Thank Offering story for war time.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF OFFERING.

LEADER.—“And all the assembly worshipped and the singers sang. And when they had made an end of offering, all that were present bowed themselves and worshipped . . . and they sang praises with gladness.”

SINGING.—Tune: “There Is a Happy Land.”

“Sound now the final chord,
Praise, Christian, praise!
Thrice holy is our Lord;
Praise, Christian, praise!”

“What now befits the tongues,
Soon to join the angel songs,
While Heaven the note prolongs,
Praise, Christian, praise!”

BENEDICTION.

THANK OFFERING SUPPLIES

For Thank Offering services the Bureau offers two new exercises, "Thank Offering Box Convention," for ten persons (only one copy is needed), price two cents; and "Prove It," a mite box dialogue, the characters in which are an elderly gentleman, a boy, the superintendent and eight other speakers, price 10 cents per copy.

Two stories are provided, "The Willing Hearted," a story of the mother of one of our volunteers, and "The Joy of Giving." Price of each three cents.

"In the light of a Thankful Heart" gives a program in outline and in detail, with a reading to be given responsively by two women, a consecration exercise and a story. Price three cents.

The Bureau still has copies of the responsive Thank Offering readings, arranged by Miss Fullonton and by Miss Bertha Files. Price of each, so long as they last, five cents per dozen, 20 cents per hundred.

The leaflet "Oriental Costumes and How to Make Them" is free for postage, also "The Story of Our Thank Offering," and the blue mite boxes for auxiliaries and for juniors.

Address Mrs. A. D. Chapman, 12 Prescott Street, Lewiston, Maine.

THANK OFFERING SUGGESTIONS

By repeated announcement seek to prepare your church for the Thank Offering service. A suggestive poster: At the top of a large sheet of paper print the words, "For All His Benefits;" underneath draw or paste pictures of a home, church, United States (map), open Bible, and others representing our common blessings. Below the pictures these words, "What Shall I Render?" These words and those at the beginning might be in red, to make them more prominent. At the bottom of the poster write, "Bring an offering and come into His House with thanksgiving" (Date), (Time), (Place).

MOTTO.—"What Shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" (To be placed prominently before the congregation on a chart.)—*The Christian Missionary*.

Our Quiet Hour

"God himself cannot do some things unless men think; He cannot do some things unless men work; and there are some things God never can do until He finds a man who prays."

To give God thanks when brief, oblivious nights
The tranquil eve and blithesome morning part,
Easy as lark-song that. But how, when smites
The mace of sorrow, stings the malice dart?
Ah, unbelieving heart!

To give God thanks in words—this is not hard.
But incense of the spirit—to distill
From hour to hour the cassia and the nard
Of fragrant life, His praises to fulfill?
Alas, inconstant will!

—Katharine Lee Bates.

Gratitude to our loving heavenly Father ought to be a whole-souled business—and in "everything we ought to give thanks." Instead of doing it on set occasions, like "thanksgiving days" or Sundays, we should make the altar of our hearts smoke with perpetual incense of praise. Instead of thanking Him for occasional feasts, we should thank Him for daily bread. We are ready enough to thank Him for providential escapes from great dangers or severe sickness, but forget to thank Him for health and safety all the rest of the time. God will not accept the simple gratitude of our lips; He demands the gratitude of our lives. Thanks-giving is good; thanks-living is best of all. Jesus Christ gave you and me Himself, to save us. Let us give our whole souls, and time, and substance, and influence, to His service. Then we shall not be ashamed to sing hallelujahs in heaven.—*Theodore L. Cuyler.*

O Thou Infinite Spirit, who needest no words for man to hold his converse with Thee, we would enter into Thy presence, we would reverence Thy power, we would worship Thy wisdom, we would adore Thy justice, we would be gladdened by Thy love, and blessed by our communion with Thee. We know that Thou needest no sacrifice at our hands, nor any offering at our lips; yet we live in Thy world, we taste Thy bounty, we breathe Thine air, and Thy power sustains us, Thy justice guides, Thy goodness preserves, and Thy love blesses us forever and ever. O Lord, we cannot fail to praise Thee, though we cannot praise Thee as we would. We bow our faces down before Thee with humble hearts, and in Thy presence would warm our spirits for a while, that the better we may be prepared for the duties of life, to endure its trials, to bear its crosses, and to triumph in its lasting joys. . . . In times of darkness, when men fail before Thee . . . may we keep still our faith shining in the midst of darkness. . . . Father, give us strength for our daily duty, patience for our constant or unaccustomed cross, and in every time of trial give us the hope that sustains, the faith that wins the victory and obtains satisfaction and fulness of joy. Amen.—*Theodore Parker.*

"OUR FOLKS"

Congratulations and best wishes to Dr. Anthony, who has accepted the call to become Executive Secretary of the Home Missions Council, which is composed of representatives of practically all of the Home Mission Boards of the different denominations in the United States, with headquarters in New York City. Dr. Anthony is still Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer of the General Conference of Free Baptists. His office address is Room 1010, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. The Editor, thinking that it would add even greater significance to the article on "Some Compensations of War" if our readers knew how many members of the author's own family are now in the service of our country, asked him for that information. He kindly replied: "My oldest son, Alfred W. Anthony, Jr., who graduated from Brown University in 1915, is in the Naval Reserve Force as 'Chief Machinist's Mate,' and is now Chief Engineer of Submarine Chaser 106, just at present located at Jacksonville, Florida. Mrs. Anthony's brother,—W. Scott Libbey, Jr., has recently been appointed Ensign, and assigned to the United States battleship 'Michigan.' I have also seven cousins in the service.".....We are thankful for the following message, "Harold Frost and family arrived in San Francisco March 9th. All well." And for this, "The party with which the Oxrieders and Hartleys sailed reached Burma safely, and we have no reason to think that they did not reach India in due time." We are pleased to know that Rev. H. I. Frost was elected one of the Missionary Fellows at a recent meeting of the Faculty of Union Theological Seminary.....They are still "our folks," who have gone just out of sight. "We cannot feel that they are far, Since near at hand the angels are." Mrs. M. S. Waterman, Laconia, N. H., a long-time member of the Board of Managers of the F. B. W. M. S., a devoted and generous friend of the HELPER, and a worker who has been in close touch with all of our home and foreign interests from the beginning, passed on in February. In the same month, Mrs. H. B. M. Cheney, Haverhill, Mass., left us. A member of her auxiliary writes, "Our dear friend was ready and waiting. These many months of invalidism she has kept in touch with all our work, eager to know just what was being done. She was so pleased to be so kindly remembered by friends far and near. Ocean Park was very dear to her. She will ever exist with us as a sweet and tender memory."..... We were expecting, for this number, some "Notes by the Way" from our zealous worker in Texas, Mrs. Inah Gates Stout, but word has come from her husband that she was injured in a runaway accident and obliged to give up her work. They hoped to return to Minnesota soon. Let us pray for her complete recovery.....Contributions to the Cut Fund have been received from Miss Winnifred A. Chapman, Lynn, Mass., and Mrs. H. A. Cleveland, Hampton, N. H.....A Rhode Island worker writes, "I am sending you two more subscriptions for our dear HELPER. I love it because it keeps us in touch with those we love and the work we are inter-

ested in and could not hear about in any other way." Kind words of appreciation have also come from Saskatchewan, West Virginia and New Hampshire. *Thank you.....*Mrs. Mary B. Wingate, Pittsfield, Maine, whose hymns have been set to music by well known composers, has had two hymns accepted by C. H. Gabiel. Her song, "Pass Along a Word of Cheer," in *Grateful Praise*, should be frequently sung in our auxiliary meetings.

Juniors



A SONG FOR THANKSGIVING

[Tune:—"Give, said the little stream."]

Thanks, sang the rippling stream,
 Thanks, oh thanks!
 Thanks, oh thanks!
 Thanks, sang the rippling stream,
 As it bubbled o'er the stones.
 Thank Thee, Lord, that the rain comes
 down,
 And that I flow on to the thirsty town.
 Bubbling, bubbling all the day,
 Thank Thee, Lord, thank Thee away.
 Bubbling, bubbling, all the day,
 Thank Thee, loving Father.

Thanks, waved the golden grain,
 Thanks, oh thanks!
 Thanks, oh thanks!
 Thanks, waved the golden grain,
 All bending in the breeze.
 Thank Thee, Lord, for Thy tender care,
 For the sun and rain, and the earth and
 air.
 Whisp'ring, whisp'ring all the day,
 Thank Thee, Lord, thank Thee away.
 Whisp'ring, whisp'ring all the day,
 Thank Thee, loving Father.

Thanks, sang a happy child,
 Thanks, oh thanks!
 Thanks, oh thanks!
 Thanks, sang a happy child,
 As she ran about her play.
 Thank Thee, Lord, who art always near,
 For my mother's love and my home so dear.
 Singing, singing all the day,
 Thank Thee, Lord, thank Thee away.
 Singing, singing all the day,
 Thank Thee, loving Father.

—Adapted from *Kindergarten Magazine*.

THANK OFFERING PROGRAM

Now, what do you say is the very best way
 To show we are thanking our Father to-day?
 The best thing a child that is thankful can do,
 Is this: To make some other child thankful, too.
 For children who have all they want, and to spare,
 Their good things with other dear children may share.
 Oh, this is the way, the very best way,
 To show we are thanking our Father to-day.

—M. C. B.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

Responsive Service:

Leader—O Lord, open Thou our lips.*Band*—And our mouth shall show forth Thy praise.*Leader*—We give thanks unto Thee, O Lord.*Band*—For daily blessings, for food and raiment, for health and strength.*Leader*—We give thanks unto Thee, O Lord.*Band*—For home and friends, for school and church, for the chance to be useful in the world.*Leader*—We give thanks unto Thee, O Lord.*Band*—For our missionaries and the work they do.*Leader*—We give thanks unto Thee, O Lord.*All*—We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we give thanks unto Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King.*The Gloria*—(To be sung by all.)—*Ex.*

PRAYER.

BRIEF TALK BY LEADER, followed by reasons for thankfulness by the children.

RECITATION.—“Annabel Josephine Lee’s Mite Box.” (See March HELPER.)

MONOLOGUE.—“A Family Mite Box.” (January HELPER.)

MISSION EXERCISE.—For three girls representing India, China and America. (February HELPER.)

“DAYABATI,” one of our own Brownies. (See December, 1917, HELPER.)

The Leader tells this story, in which she includes information about Sinclair Orphanage and brown babies for whom the money in our boxes is used. Show pictures of Orphanage, Children starting for Sunday School, Miss Barnes, the Children’s Missionary, in whose salary we can have “shares” at \$4.00 each, etc. (Article on Sinclair Orphanage in February HELPER.)

TELL INCIDENT.—“A Penny and a Prayer.” (March HELPER.)

“OUR GIFTS.”—Children march to front and deposit their Thank Offering boxes while singing (Tune, “America”):

“Again we hear the call
Which comes to one and all
Our gifts to bring;
’Tis little we can do,
But with a purpose true,
We pledge our faith anew
To Christ our King.

“We owe him grateful praise
For love which crowns our days
With happiness.
So to His feet we bring
Each free will offering,
While songs of praise we sing,
His name to bless.”

—Selected.

CLOSING PRAYER, for the children of the world, especially those in the regions of war. We are thankful we can help them by work, money and prayer.

Contributions

"Money speaks all languages, there is no limit to the geographical range of its influence."

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for February, 1918

F. B. W. M. S. contributors should carefully designate how their money should be used, whether for Home Missions, Foreign Missions, or the Contingent Fund, remembering that the latter will be used by the Society where it is most needed.

MAINE

Limerick, for Bengal-Orissa on State appor	\$ 5 00
Newport, Mrs Elizabeth Kinney for support Haramonie	4 00
Otisfield Conf, W M S for sup Betsey . .	3 80

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Farmington, Mrs D A Gammon for Storer College	5 00
Gonic C R	1 50
Do Aux for Contingent Fund	3 50
Loudon Ladies' Aid, "where most needed"	5 00
Manchester, Miss Clara M Warner for Zenana teacher	5 00
N H W M Society for <i>Missionary Helper</i>	20 00
Pittsfield Aux, dues	2 00

RHODE ISLAND

Providence, Elmwood Ave Aux for Ind Work, Storer College	6 00
Roger Wms Aux, Do	9 00
Taunton Aux, Do	2 00

MICHIGAN

Green Oak Aux, for Storer	2 10
-------------------------------------	------

IOWA

Oelwein, Mrs Mattie Zimmerman for S O	5 00
Tipton, for Miss E E Barnes	1 50

\$ 80 40

SPECIALS

Alfred, Me, Miss N B Jordan for Bala-sore School Bldg	10 00
Newport, Me, Mrs E Kinney, Do	1 00
Ocean Park, Mesdames Bachelder and Whitcomb, Do	10 00
E Northfield, Mass, Mrs Rachel E Williams, Do	4 00
Madison, Wisconsin, Mrs E A Copp, Do	50 00
Member of Sterling, Ct, F B Ch, for Dr Mary Bacheler to use for S O girls . .	2 50

Total Receipts, Feb'y 1918 \$157 90

EDYTH R. PORTER, *Treasurer*

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of — to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.

